

BATTLE
CRY

ACTION-PACKED TALES OF REAL COMBAT!

BATTLE CRY

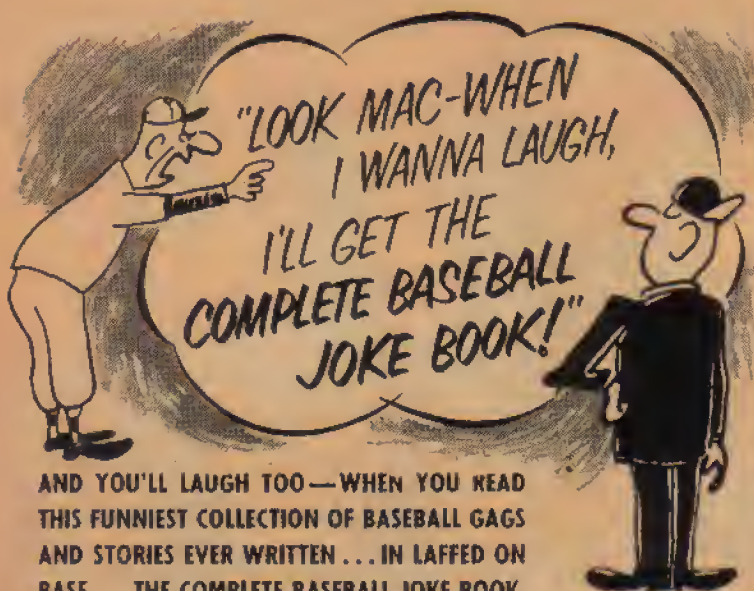
No. 7
MAY-JUNE
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AND YOU'LL LAUGH TOO—WHEN YOU READ THIS FUNNIEST COLLECTION OF BASEBALL GAGS AND STORIES EVER WRITTEN... IN LAFFED ON BASE — THE COMPLETE BASEBALL JOKE BOOK.

Here's a riotous selection of dugout capers that's a "hit" in any league ("hot stove" or not). Daffy stories of real ballplayers and their experiences on and off the diamond, with umpires, managers and their buddies.

CASH IN ON THIS AMAZING DOUBLE PLAY!

Surprise your friends with your increased knowledge of the game *and at the same time* chuckle to the zany antics of these wonderful "screwballs."

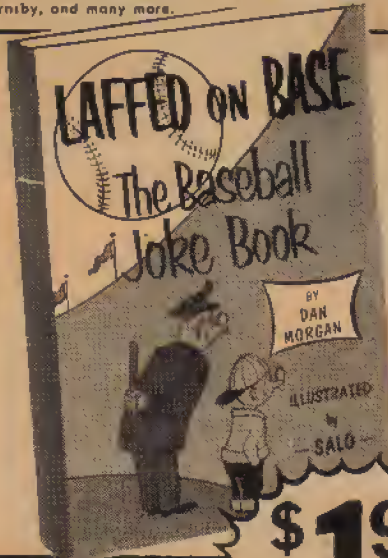
Read About the Wild, Crazy Antics of These and Other of Your Favorite Ballplayers!

Babe Ruth, Albie Reynolds, Lefty Gomez, Leo Durocher, Sal Maglie, Bobby Thomson, Dixie Walker, Yogi Berra, Dixie Dean, Al Schacht, Frenchy Bordagaray, Babe Herman, Dazzy Vance, Dick Bartell, Bobo Newsom, John McGraw, Frank Frisch, Rube Waddell, Rogers Hornsby, and many more.

DON'T GET CAUGHT OFF BASE!

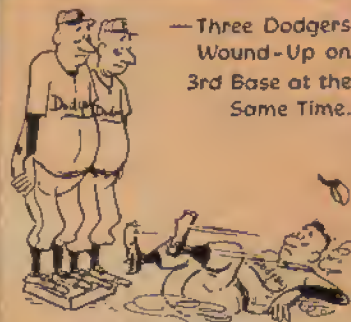
Mail the coupon NOW, for your copy of the Complete Baseball Joke Book. But hurry because "it's a steal"... at only \$1.98!

FIRST TRY
10 DAYS



BEAUTIFULLY CLOTH BOUND
PERFECT GIFT IDEA

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE TIME WHEN...



—Three Dodgers Wound-Up on 3rd Base at the Same Time.

OR WHEN...



—Babe Herman Got Conked on the Head Chasing a Fly Ball!

OR WHEN...



—Casey Stengel Tipped his Cap at the Plate and a Bird Flew Out!

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I want to learn about the funny side of baseball. Rush my copy of The Complete BASEBALL JOKE BOOK. If not completely satisfied I may return the book for a full refund.

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THIS IS A STORY OF WAR! A STORY OF OOZING MUD AND CHOKING DUST... OF GENTLE RAIN AND HEAVY SNOW... OF BALMY BREEZES AND HOWLING WINDS... OF STIFLING HEAT AND BITING FROST... A STORY OF...

The Four Seasons



YEP! I'LL TAKE THE SUMMER ANYTIME! SWIMMING, BASEBALL... YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOT WEATHER!



NOT ME! I'M A COLD WEATHER MAN MYSELF! JUST GIVE ME SOME SNOW AND I'M HAPPY!



FALL IS THE TIME OF THE YEAR THAT'S REALLY GREAT! NOT TOO HOT, NOT TOO COLD! JUST RIGHT!



ME--I'M A FARMER--SO I'LL TAKE THE SPRING! EVERYTHING COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRING... FLOWERS, CROPS! THE WORLD WAKES UP IN THE SPRING TIME!



AND THERE YOU HAVE IT. THE FOUR OF THEM... NOW LET'S FOLLOW THEM FOR A YEAR AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HEY, BEN, GO OVER THAT RIDGE AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND! INTELLIGENCE WANTS TO KNOW IF THE REDS LEFT A REAR GUARD WHEN THEY PULLED OUT!

OKAY, SARGE!

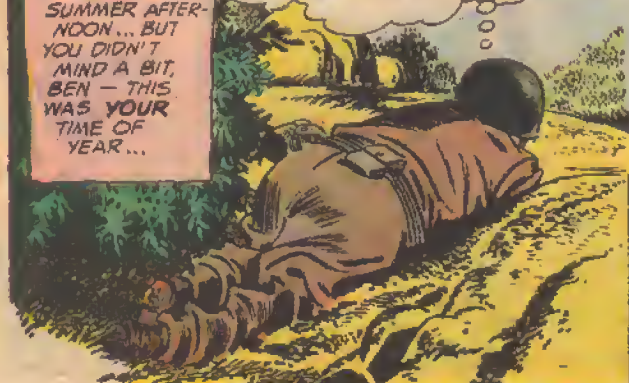


SEE YOU GUYS LATER... I'LL CONVINCE YOU ABOUT SUMMER WHEN I GET BACK!



YES, IT WAS HOT ON THE RIDGES OF KOREA THAT SUMMER AFTER-NOON... BUT YOU DIDN'T MIND A BIT, BEN - THIS WAS YOUR TIME OF YEAR...

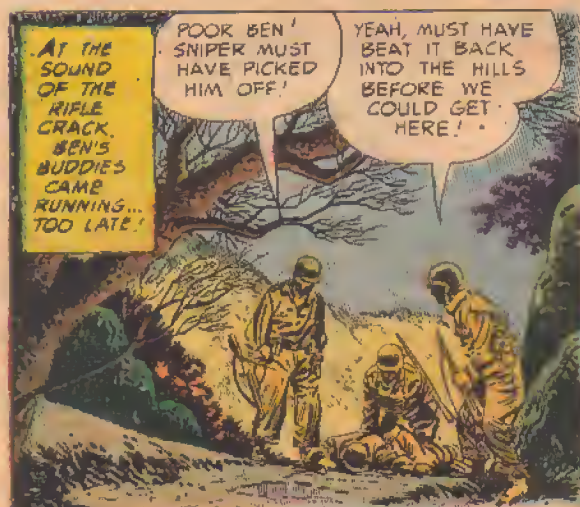
THOSE GUYS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE MISSIN'—BATHING BEAUTIES AT BEACH PARTIES, PICNICS IN THE PARK, DANCING UNDER THE STARS—OH BROTHER!



OH, HOW I MISS THAT SWIMMING! BOY, IF THIS CRUMMY RIDGE WAS A POOL I'D BACKSTROKE IT IN NOTHING FLAT!



FEEL THE HEAT SOAKING INTO YOUR PORES? IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ISN'T IT? BUT AS YOUR IMAGINATION RUNS RIGID, YOU BEGIN TO GET CARELESS..



AT THE SOUND OF THE RIFLE CRACK, BEN'S BUDDIES CAME RUNNING... TOO LATE!

POOK BEN! SNIPER MUST HAVE PICKED HIM OFF!

YEAH, MUST HAVE BEAT IT BACK INTO THE HILLS BEFORE WE COULD GET HERE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS... LET'S MOVE OUT! GRAVES REGISTRATION'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW... BETTER FORGET ABOUT HIM!

YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE... C'MON, LET'S GO!

AND SO THE MEN MOVED OUT, OUT TO FIGHT THE ENEMY IN THE HEAT AND SWEAT OF THE KOREAN HILLS! BUT EVEN IN THE DESOLATE COUNTRY-SIDE OF KOREA TIME MUST PASS, AND SO IT CAME THAT THE HEAT AND SWEAT DISSOLVED BEFORE THE AUTUMN BREEZES AS FALL FINALLY CAME UPON THE LAND.



THIS LOUSY RAIN.. WHEN'S IT GONNA LET UP?

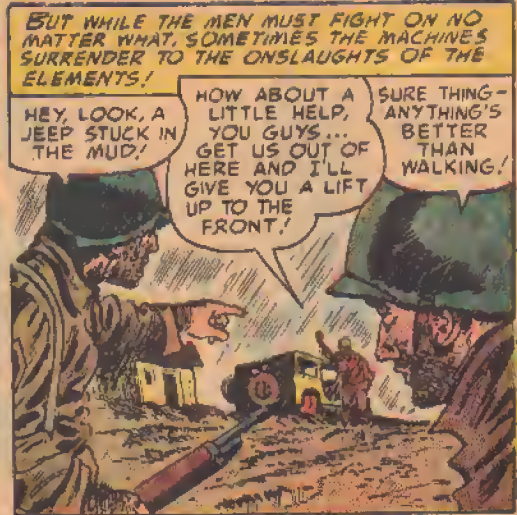
WHAT'S A MATTER, LUKE, DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS GOOD FOR THE CROPS?

YEAH? THIS WEATHER'S FOR THE BIRDS! AND SAY...



THAT REMINDS ME, DAVE... YOU'RE THE GUY WHO'S ALWAYS BRAGGING ABOUT FALL... AND IF THIS IS A SAMPLE, YOU CAN HAVE IT— IN SPADES!

JUST WAIT, JACKSON, JUST WAIT! TILL THIS RAIN LET'S UP! THEN YOU'LL SEE THE TREES IN THEIR FINEST— LIKE-LIKE A PRINCESS GOIN TO A FANCY DRESS BALL!



THE TIDE OF BATTLE SHIFTED NORTHWARD AND CARRIED WITH IT LUKE AND JACKSON! GONE WAS THE DOZE AND SLIME OF THE FALL RAINS AND MUD... FOR A CHANGE, PEACE HAD SETTLED OVER THE PENINSULA!

GOSH, BUT THIS WEATHER FEELS GREAT, AND THE WHOLE FRONT HAS BEEN QUIET FOR THE PAST WEEK! SURE MAKES YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT THE WAR, DOESN'T IT?

YEAH, TOO BAD DAVEY COULDN'T BE HERE TO ENJOY IT... THIS MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!

BUT I'LL STILL TAKE THE **WINTER**... THAT'S WHEN A MAN REALLY KNOWS HE'S ALIVE!

NOT ME, BACK HOME WE JUST HOLE UP FOR THOSE THREE MONTHS, WE DON'T START TO LIVE UNTIL **SPRING**!

AND THE MONTHS PASSED CHANGING THE GENTLE BREEZES TO ICEY WINDS FROM THE NORTH! AND ONCE AGAIN THE BATTLE RAGED ON... AND AGAIN MEN FOUGHT THE ELEMENTS AS WELL AS THE ENEMY!
WINTER HAD ARRIVED!

MAN, IT'S FREEZIN'! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A LITTLE TASTE OF SPRING!

ARE YOU CRAZY, THIS IS TERRIFIC! FEEL THAT SNOW BEATING AGAINST YOUR FACE... DOESN'T IT FEEL GREAT? JUST THINK, IN A FEW MORE WEEKS IT'LL BE XMAS!

SURE, WHEN ELSE CAN YOU HAVE XMAS? AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... PRESENTS, GOOD FEELINGS... THE WORKS! WINTER'S THE TIME WHEN EVERYBODY LETS THEIR HAIR DOWN AND BECOME HUMAN BEINGS AGAIN!

BUT WAR KNOWS OF NO HOLIDAYS... THERE IS NO FIVE DAY WORK WEEK... THE BATTLE RAGES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, EVERY DAY...

LOOK AT ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL SNOW GOIN' TO WASTE! NOW IF I WAS BACK HOME I'D BE OUT ON THE SKI SLOPES HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE... YEAH—THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE SNOW! IT COVERS ALL THAT'S UGLY AND TURNS THE WORST SPOT INTO A FAIRYLAND! THERE'S **NOTHING** SNOW WON'T COVER!

NOTHING, JACKSON? HOW ABOUT YOUR FOOT-TRACKS...



HMM, WIND'S PICKING UP...
REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I
GOT LOST ON OLD BALDY
BACK HOME... SNOW MUST
HAVE PILED TWENTY FEET
DEEP BY THE TIME I
GOT BACK...



...BOY, THE OLD
LADY SURE COM-
PLAINED WHEN I
GOT HOME! EVEN
THREATENED TO
LOCK...



...TO...
LOCK... UP...
MY... SKIS...
AGH-N-H...

RAT-T-T-T-TAT

THAT LEAVES US WITH JUST LUKE, DOESN'T IT? THE COLD BLASTS SPENT THEIR FURIES AGAINST HIM, BUT HE JUST HUDDLED DEEPER INTO HIS PARKA AND LAUGHED AT THEM! AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE... SPRING WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!



AND SO,
A FEW
MONTHS
LATER...

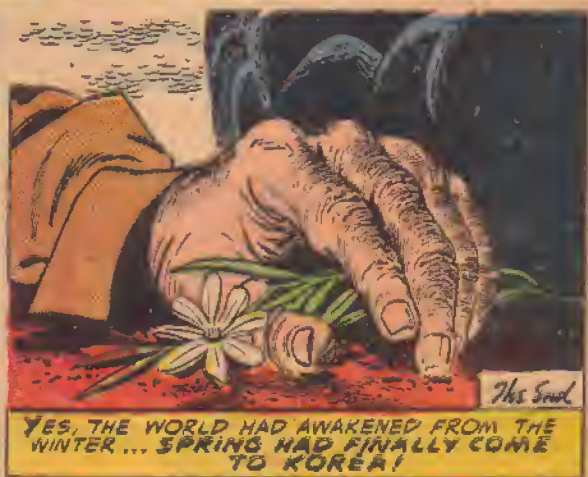
IT'S HERE...
I CAN SMELL
IT IN THE AIR!
I CAN FEEL
IT!



FLOWERS! NEVER
THOUGHT I'D FIND ANY
HERE IN THIS PLACE!
WONDER WHAT KIND
THEY ARE!



POW
POW
KPOW



This Smol

YES, THE WORLD HAD AWAKENED FROM THE
WINTER... SPRING HAD FINALLY COME
TO KOREA!



SOUND OFF!



Dear Ed:

I see you're planning to do a story on the Air Force. Well, don't forget the "future airmen of America", the Civil Air Patrol.

—1st/Sgt. AL SCHEINERMAN
Schenectady, N. Y.

You're right, Al. As yet we haven't even thought of the CAP in terms of a war book. But we will. And you can look forward to seeing a story about them in the very near future . . . ed.

Dear Ed:

I have one kick to make. How come you only run stories about World War II and about Korea? Why not about World War I and all the other conflicts. They were just as exciting and as dangerous as the ones you write about.

—JACK SWEETMAN
Orlando, Florida

We have received so many suggestions along this line that we have done something about it. See what happens if enough of you readers write in! In the last issue of BATTLE CRY we did a story on THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. And in this magazine you will find a story about GERONIMO . . . and if any of you have any particular battles or incidents that you would like to see portrayed just drop us a line . . . ed.

Dear Ed:

. . . on the whole I like BATTLE CRY very much, but how about some stories

about the Navy? Aren't you leaving them out?

—BOBBY SUE MATHIS
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Ed:

. . . the stories in BATTLE CRY are very good. True to life and realistic . . . something I believe should be in every war book. But you forgot one thing, how about a plug for the Navy?

—KITTEN WILLIAMS, USN
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Lakehurst, N. J.

Well, it looks as if the girls are out for the Navy, doesn't it? Guess we'll have to do something about it. So keep watching the future issues of BATTLE CRY, sooner or later you'll find a tale of the U.S. Navy in action . . . ed.

Oh, oh, here's another one I overlooked.

Dear Ed:

. . . Your book is one of the best war comics I have read . . . full of real, action-packed, true to life tales of combat. But I have a gripe. Where's the Navy Air Force. My dad flew on a TBF as a tail gunner during the last war. How about some stories about that branch?

—GEORGE GETTY
Eugene, Oregon

Read the above comment, George . . . the same applies to you. That's all for this issue. If you have any comments or suggestions to make just drop a line to

SOUND-OFF
Stannor Publications, Inc.
175 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS THE ENEMY LIES WAITING... WAITING TO KILL AND DESTROY. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO THE PUNCH—THAT'S YOUR JOB, FOR YOU'RE ON...

KILLER PATROL

DITCH THE HELMET, PARKER, ON *THIS* PATROL YOU DON'T WEAR ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE NOISE... IT'LL GIVE YOUR POSITION AWAY!

HUH? SAY WHAT KINDA PATROL IS THIS ANYWAY, SARGE? IT'S MY FIRST TIME OUT, Y'KNOW!



THAT'S RIGHT, I FORGOT. WELL YOU SURE DREW A FAT ONE, KID. THIS IS A KILLER PATROL. OUR MISSION IS TO **KILL AND DESTROY**... AND THEN GET BACK TO OUR OWN LINES!

YEAH KID... HERE'S WHERE WE SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS!



YOU'RE PVT. TOM PARKER... AND YOU'RE AFRAID! AFRAID BECAUSE **THIS IS YOUR FIRST PATROL!** YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



YOU MAKE YOUR WAY TOWARD THE FRONT WHEN
SUDDENLY...



BUT IT'S NOTHING TO FEAR...IT'S ONLY 'THE
GUARD' AT THE OUTPOST!

PUT THAT POP
GUN DOWN, BUD,
IT'S THE NIGHT
PATROL!

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES...
OKAY GUYS, WATCH THAT
MINE FIELD OFF TO THE
LEFT... AND THEN **IT'S
ALL YOURS!**



SO YOU YOU PICK YOUR WAY
THROUGH THE MINE FIELD!
ANY WAY YOU CAN...



THEY'RE HOLED UP IN THAT
GROVE OF TREES. SOUNDS
LIKE THEY'RE MOVING UP
HEAVY ARMOR! THAT
MEANS TOMORROW
THEY DO THE
ATTACKING
AND WE DO THE
DEFENDING!

...UNLESS
WE STOP
'EM RIGHT
NOW!



YOU HEARD HIM... THEY DO
THE **ATTACKING**... UNLESS YOU
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

WE GOTTA GET SOME
OF THOSE **TANKS**...
WE JUST GOTTA!



QUICKLY AND SILENTLY THE PATROL WENT TO WORK ON THE ENEMY
ARMOR... THE TIME FUSE'S WERE SET AND THEY RACED FOR COVER. **BUT FAST!**



THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT, KID...
NOW YOU'RE LEARNING...
BUT THIS IS ONLY THE
BEGINNING!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
GET THE LEAD
OUT, KID... TAKE
COVER!



KEEP FIRING, KID... THEY
KNOW WE'RE HERE! I'LL
TELL YOU WHEN TO LET UP!



YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID,
KID... KEEP FIRING! YOU'RE
LEARNING FAST... KILL AND
DESTROY!



KEEP IT UP... DON'T GIVE THEM
A BREATHER... YOU'VE GOT
THEM ON THE RUN!



THAT'S THE WAY... YOU'VE GOT TO
KILL AND DESTROY... AND SURVIVE!

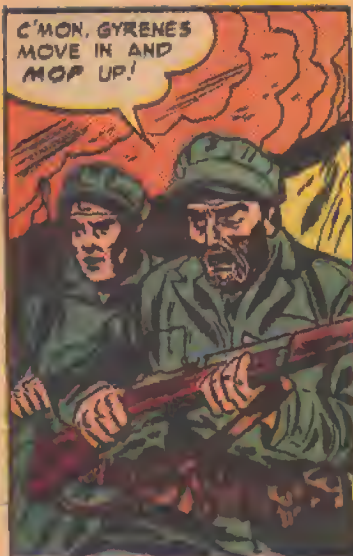
SARGE, BEHIND
YOU... WATCH OUT!



THANKS KID... NOW YOU'VE
LEARNED SOMETHIN' ELSE...
YA GOTTA HAVE EYES
IN BACK OF YOUR
HEAD! DON'T TAKE
NOTHING FOR GRANTED!







C'MON, GYRENE'S
MOVE IN AND
MOP UP!



BUDA BUDA
BAM BAM



THAT DOES IT, KID!
LET'S GO!

THE PATROL HAD ACCOMPLISHED ITS MISSION...
KILL AND DESTROY!

GLAD TO SEE YOU
GUYS. HOW'D IT
GO OUT THERE,
PRETTY ROUGH?

NAAH, JUST LIKE NORMAL!
ONLY TONIGHT WE MADE
ANOTHER **VETERAN!**



NOW YOU'RE NO LONGER AFRAID, THE DAYS
PASS QUICKLY AND YOU CAN FIGHT WITH THE
BEST OF THEM... YOU'RE A **VETERAN!** BUT
THERE ARE OTHERS WHO AREN'T!

C'MON FELLA... WE GOT A
LITTLE PATROL ACTION TO TAKE
CARE OF, AND YOU MIGHT AS
WELL START LEARNING NOW!



WATCH HIM, TOM, SOMETHING FAMILIAR,
ISN'T THERE? SURE THERE IS... HE'S LIKE
YOU WERE... **AFRAID!** AFTER ALL THIS
IS HIS FIRST PATROL!



AW IT'S NOT SO BAD... JUST KEEP YOUR
NOSE CLEAN AND BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT YOU'LL BE BACK HERE
IN YOUR SACK!



THE END

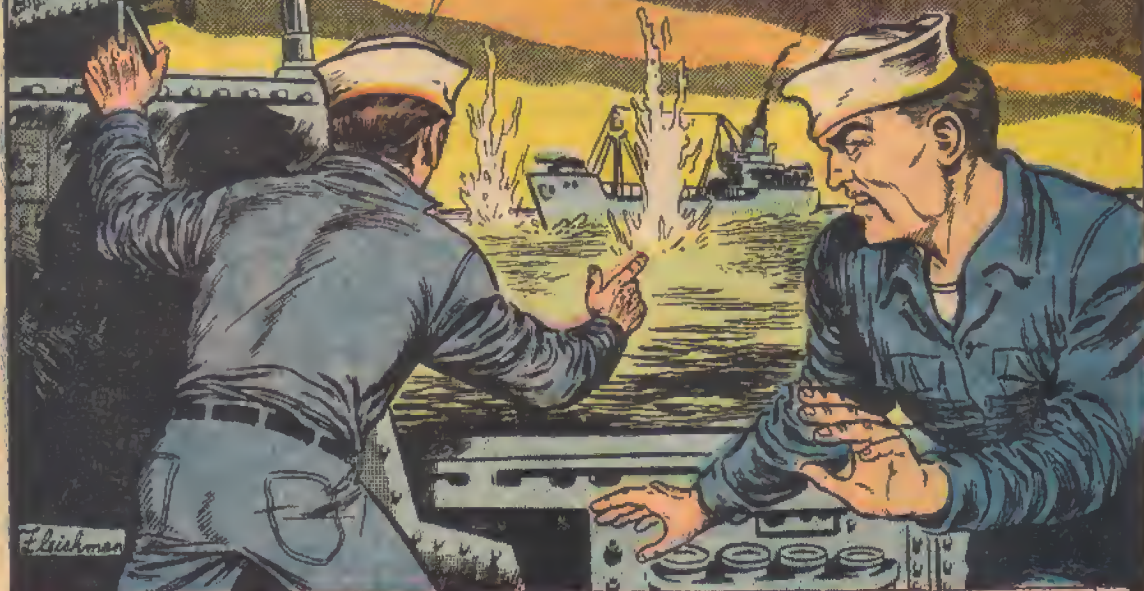
THAT'S IT TOM, GIVE HIM THE SCOOP TELL HIM
WHAT TO EXPECT. YOU'RE A **VETERAN** NOW.
YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH THE MILL AFTER ALL
PATROL ACTION ISN'T SO ROUGH... OR IS IT?

IN WAR, EVERYBODY ELSE HAS THE EASIEST JOB... YOURS IS ALWAYS THE TOUGHEST! THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE EASY JOBS... ON THE

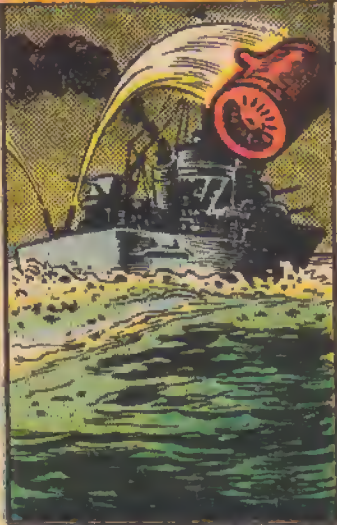
RUN TO MURMANSK!

LOOK AT THAT LIBERTY SHIP LEAVING THE CONVOY!

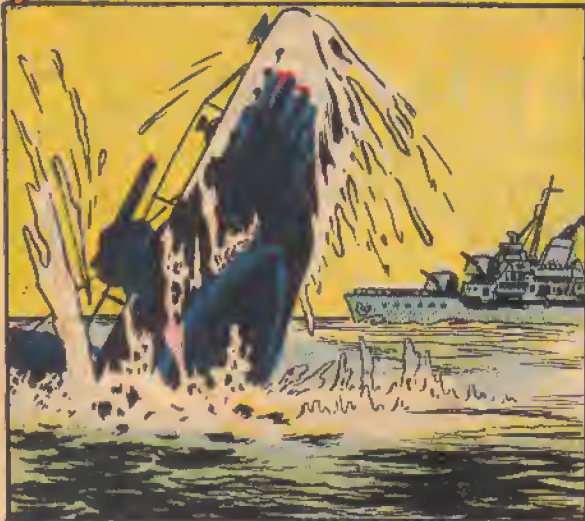
AND IT'S IN TROUBLE ALREADY---HERE WE GO AGAIN! WHY DO WE ALWAYS GET STUCK WITH THESE TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS?



AND SO THE CORVETTE CLEAVED THROUGH THE WATERS TOWARD THE LIBERTY SHIP... THE WATCHDOG HERDING ONE OF ITS ERRANT FLOCK! AND THIS WATCHDOG HAD MIGHTY SHARP TEETH!



THE WATCHDOG BIT...SCRATCH ONE SUB!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS...
CAN'T YOU STAY IN THE CONVOY?
WITH AN EASY JOB LIKE YOU
GOT, IT'S THE LEAST YOU COULD
DO FOR US **FIGHTING MEN!**



THE SHEEP RETURNED TO THE FLOCK AND THE
WATCHDOG TO ITS POSITION OF GUARDIAN...

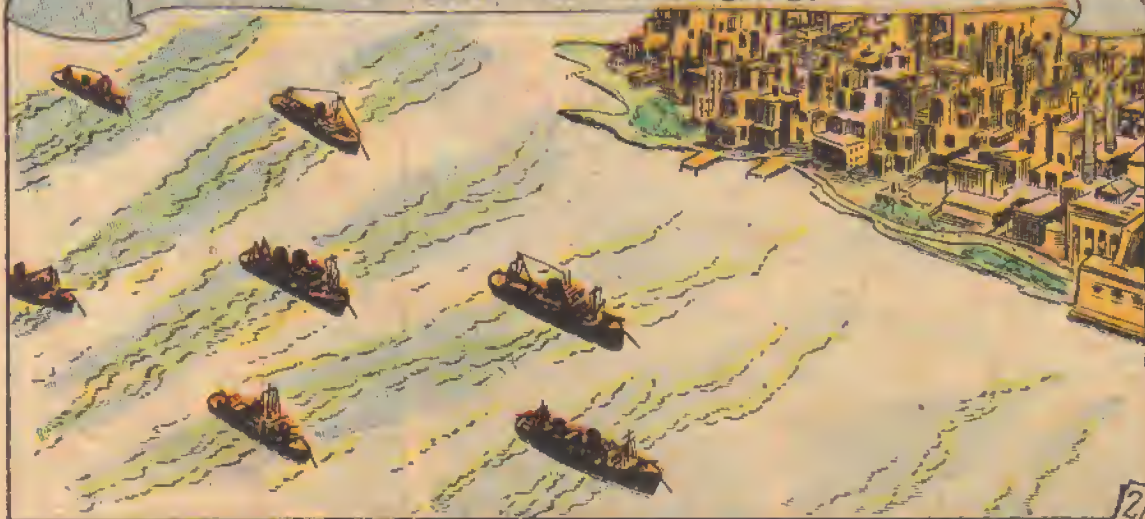


HOW ABOUT THAT!
WE DO ALL THE
FIGHTING AND
THOSE SEA-
GOING TRUCK
DRIVERS MAKE
IT ROUGHER
FOR US!

YEAH, SOME GUYS
JUST DON'T KNOW
WHEN THEY'RE
WELL OFF...BOY,
WHAT I WOULDN'T
GIVE FOR A **SOFT**
JOB LIKE THEIRS!



ANCHORS CHURNED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DARK WATERS AND
THE CONVOY WAS HOME...**SAFE!**



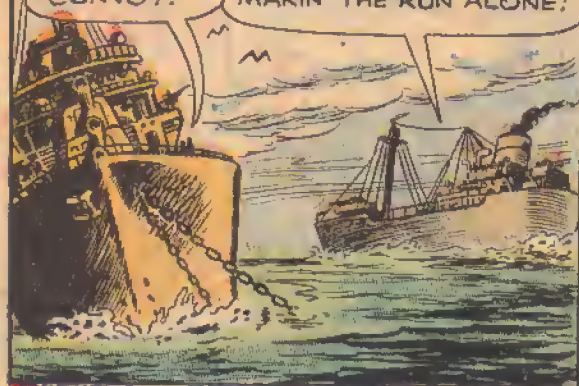
A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY, WHERE YOU GUYS GOING... AIN'T YA WAITING FOR THE REST OF THE CONVOY?

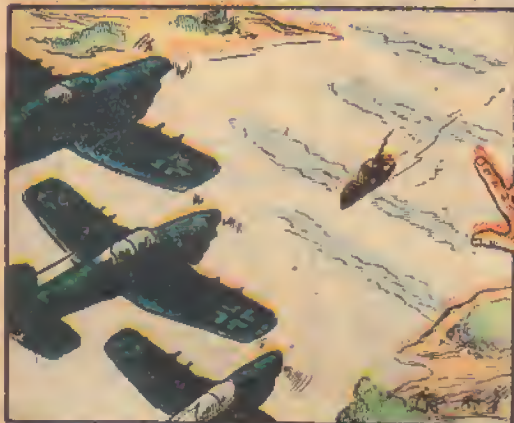
NAAW, WE'RE IN A HURRY... GOTTA GET THIS MACHINERY TO MURMANSK! GOTTA MAKE TIME, SO WE'RE MAKIN' THE RUN ALONE!

MUST BE AN EASY RUN...ELSE THEY'D HAVE SENT ONE OF THE CORVETTES ALONG!

YEAH...WE CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON IT BEING A ROUGH JOB WHEN THEY ASSIGN US!

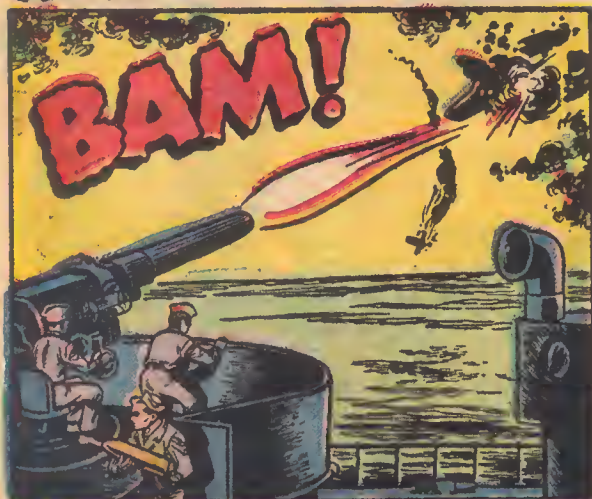


THE LIBERTY SHIP FINALLY ENTERED THE BALTIC SEA AND PREPARED TO MAKE THE DASH TO THE RUSSIAN PORT AT THE OTHER END... BUT THE GERMAN LUFTWAFFE HAD OTHER IDEAS!



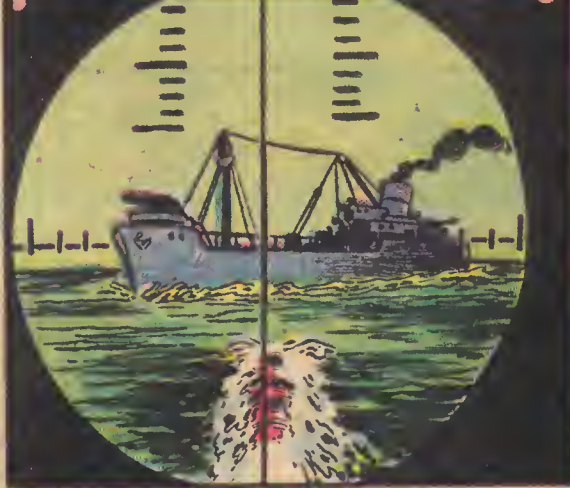
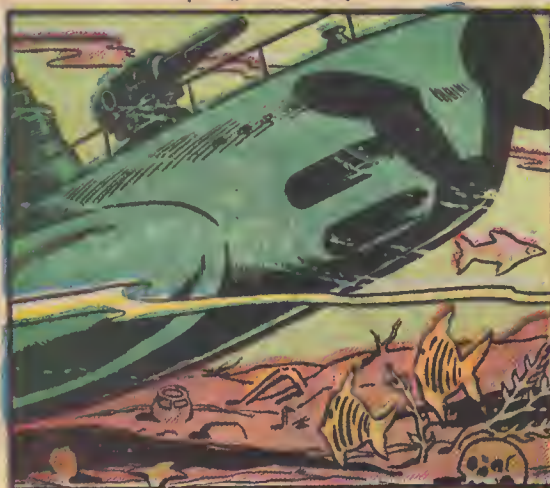
AN AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS A POTENT WEAPON...

... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS USED EFFECTIVELY---!



BUT TWENTY FATHOMS DOWN A KILLER SUB LURKED...READY TO STRIKE!

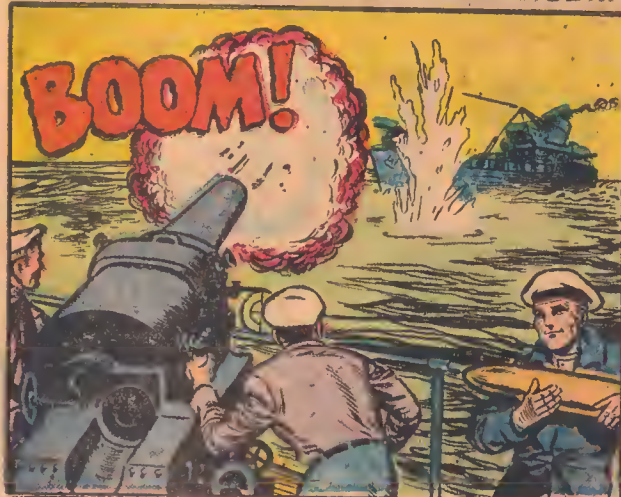
THE KILLER WAITED, HESITATED... THEN... FIRE ONE!



UNWARE THAT ITS TORPEDO HAS MISSED ITS MARK, THE SUB SURFACED TO FINISH OFF ITS "VICTIM"...



IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL THE SUB'S DECK-GUN GOT THE RANGE...

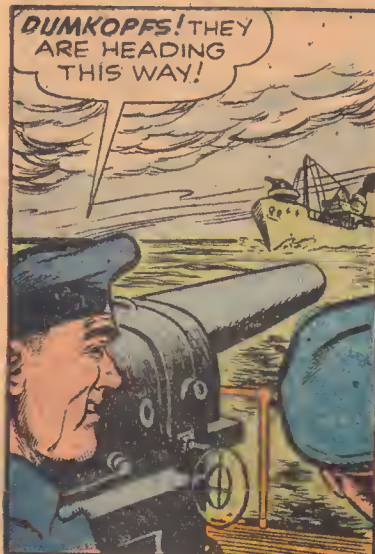


IT'S NO USE, CAPTAIN... WE CAN'T MATCH THAT GUN OF THEIRS!

MAYBE NOT... BUT IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM... JOIN 'EM!



DUMKOPFS! THEY ARE HEADING THIS WAY!



AMERICAN SCHWEIN! WHY DON'T THEY TURN?



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HEY, LOOK WHO FINALLY SHOWED UP... THE LIBERTY SHIP! SURE LOOKS LIKE SHE TOOK A POUNDING!.

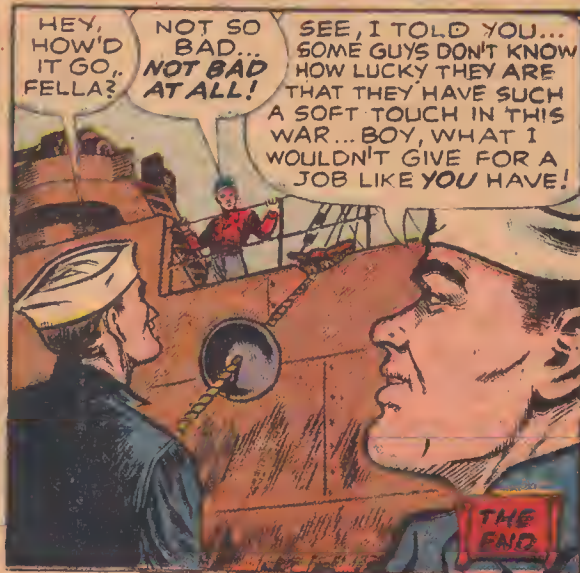
THEY ALWAYS DO UNLESS THEY HAVE US AS AN ESCORT!



HEY, HOW'D IT GO, FELLA?

NOT SO BAD... NOT BAD AT ALL!

SEE, I TOLD YOU... SOME GUYS DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE THAT THEY HAVE SUCH A SOFT TOUCH IN THIS WAR... BOY, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A JOB LIKE YOU HAVE!



THE END

THE TAXI CAB DRIVER

The air battle raged across the skies as the heavy bombers pounded their way back from a mission to the shores of the Yalu River. Enemy MIGs swooped through the formation picking on the stragglers. A B-29 took a 20mm shell amidships, started smoking, then suddenly exploded.

The jets regrouped on the other side of the formation and then swung back as they came in for the kill. The 50 calibre machine guns on the bombers clattered excitedly as the gunners picked out the targets, but they were no match for the zooming jets.

"Feather that prop on the No. 3 engine, it's gonna vibrate right out of the mount!"

"Hey, lieutenant! We just got a hit on some of the control cables back here in the waist!"

"Here they come again! THREE O'CLOCK HIGH!"

"Top turret to tail! They're swinging back to you... PICK 'EM UP!"

Lt. Woody Miller flinched as the twin guns in the top turret burst into action over his head. The odor of cordite filled the cockpit as he swung back on the controls. Damn these big ships, you can never maneuver with them! Just flying crazies, that's all they are.

A cheer crackled through the inter-com as the bombardier up in the nose cut in on the gunners.

"Here they come, boys. We can relax now! Here come our fighters!" Miller grinned as he caught sight of the blue and white stars on the sides of the jets as they engaged the enemy. Though outnumbered, the MIGs were no match for the superior gunpower and better piloting of the Shooting Stars.

Oil started gushing from the No 2 engine and Miller reached down to twist the dial that would feather the windmilling prop. When he looked up through the windshield, two Shooting Stars were slowly circling his limping bomber. Then he switched over to his Command Radio set and made contact with the escort.

"Hello Flock One, this is Shepherd Dog Four! Nothing to worry about now... we've got you! Just keep that Big Bird in the air and we'll get you home!"

"Roger, Shepherd Dog Four! Wilco and out!"

Miller switched off the radio set and turned to his co-pilot, Don Lund. Silently they watched the jets circle their ship.

"Look at 'em, Lang... beautiful, aren't they? That's the way to fly... ALONE! With nothing but you and the ship and the sky! That's what I call a PILOT!"

Lang laughed. "That's all I ever hear from you, Miller! Every time you see one of those air scoopers you start complaining. Personally, I like the 'Heavies'... plenty of room to move around in!"

Miller shrugged and then turned to watch the escort ships who were herding his big bomber back to its base. A while later the limping heavy lowered its wheels and they were home. He struggled out of the escape hatch then grinned as the two jet fighters streaked in for a landing. A mechanic walked them to the flight line, and with a roar they cut their turbo engines.

The bomber pilot and his crew made their way to the interrogation room where a captain interviewed them about their last mission. They told him how the enemy fighters picked up the formation outside of Hamburg and how they knocked out two engines.

"We were just sitting ducks for those guys!"

"Yeah, if it wasn't for those jet boys of ours you could have scratched one B-29!"

The Captain finished his report and Miller and his crew went out of the room. He went to the flight line for another look at the jets and saw two strange pilots standing next to them talking to a mechanic. Miller walked over to them.

"You must be those jet pilots. I've never seen you around this base before."

"That's right, the C.O. wants us to stick around here for a few days."

"Well, I'm the pilot of the B-29 you boys brought in! Want to thank you for helping us out... we pilots gotta stick together!"

The other pilot looked and snickered. "You call yourself a PILOT? Nuts to that, you're nothing but a METER READER! All you do is sit back in that plush-lined cabin and read dials all day... nothing to flying like that!"

The jet pilot started to walk away and then turned for a final word. "If you really want to fly, come on down to my base and I'll show you a real ship! That crate you push around is nothing but an oversized TAXI CAB and you're just the DRIVER! Never yet met a meter reader who could handle a real hot ship!"

Miller watched the other pilot disappear down the line. The words had gotten under his skin. It was something that had been bothering him for a long time, and the truth hurt!

He walked to a dispersal area and stared up at the battle scarred B-29. "He's RIGHT! You're nothing but a TAXI CAB and I'm nothing but the DRIVER! I'd trade you in right now for a Piper Cub!"

A jeep pulled to a stop under the bomber's wing and a sergeant yelled over to him. "Hey, Lieutenant, I've been looking all over the base for you! The C.O. wants to see you, but fast! Hop in and I'll drive you over!"

Miller, deep in thought, got into the jeep, and with a squeal it pulled away from the line and headed toward the administration buildings.

He saluted as he faced the Colonel who motioned him to a chair.

"I've got a job for you and your ship, Miller. I would have preferred using some jets, but they don't have a big enough bomb load, so I'll have to use a B-29. Care to try it?"

"You got yourself a boy, Colonel. Anytime there's a job for a bomber that a jet can't handle, you can count me in on it!"

The C.O. got up from his desk, and walked over to a huge map hanging on the wall. He pointed to an area in North Korea that was circled in red.

"The Reds are building through a mountain at this point. Probably a new supply route. If they can get it through, the 8th Army stands a good chance of getting its western flank turned. We want that mountain blown SKY-HIGH!"

"You'll use a stripped down 29, so you'll get some more speed out of it! And you'll be carrying eight one thousand pounders! It has to be just one ship 'cause if a whole mission went out the Red Air Force would be waiting for it! It's up to you how you carry out the bomb run... but don't miss, Miller... **DON'T MISS!**"

* * *

And a few days later a lone B-29 rose slowly into the air... the first leg on its mission against a mountain! Inside the cockpit Miller and his co-pilot, Lund, talked the situation over.

The B-29 cruised along unchecked toward its target, when suddenly...

"Miller! Look! Four MIGs!"

The enemy craft made a pass, strafing the nose of the ship with 50 calibre bullets. Lund suddenly slumped over the controls as a red blossom spurted out of his forehead.

"He's dead! That first burst got him. Well, they ain't taking me... here's Woody Miller becomes a REAL fly-boy!"

He kicked the stick forward and the big ship went into a dive... **STRAIGHT DOWN!**

Down and down the "heavy" plummeted. Straight at the ground that seemed to be rising to meet it. And at the last instant, by brute strength, he pulled the big ship out of it...!

But two of the MIGs were too close to the ground to pull out... and with orange explosions the ships disintegrated into tiny fragments!

Getting the jump on the two remaining MIGs, Miller pulled the bomber into the shelter of a friendly cloud. He poured over the navigational maps and then a smile lit up his face. "... about

thirty miles to Heartbreak Ridge... ought to be able to make that! Got a little surprise planned up there!"

The bomber pulled out of the safety of the friendly cloud, and once again the chase was on! Miller grinned as he watched the two MIGs suddenly shoot underneath his left wing. "Fooled you, didn't I? Never expected a bomber to pull a VERTICAL climb, did you? Well neither 'did I?'"

An artillery outfit in the ridges near the 38th parallel looked up in surprise at the B-29 being chased by the two MIGs.

"Look at that 29, will ya? That pilot's crazy... thinks he's got a JET under him!"

"And look, he's got company... a couple of MIGs! Start tracking with the 105s!"

"Hey, he's coming back. Bringing them in for another run!"

"Bet they don't even suspect what he's doing! This should be like knocking off clay pigeons! **START FIRING!**"

The ack-ack boys did their job well... scratch two MIGs! Miller came back for another run over the gunners and wiggled the big ship's wings. An airman's way of saying thanks.

He headed North, keeping the "heavy" on the deck so as not to be spotted.

A short time later he came right in on the target! The Reds were so stunned by the audacity of the attack that they offered no defense... he had caught them with their pants down!

The four tons of destruction were released... four tons that were to destroy a year's work in a few terrifying moments!

Miller grinned as orange sheets of flame reached skyward. Then the bomber lurched as a tremendous explosion ripped the area. **ON TARGET! SCRATCH ONE MOUNTAIN!**

"Lost an engine! But it was worth it! And this baby can take it... c'mon honey, we're going home, I got a date with some jet pilots!"

The big baby made it! Despite the beating and the pounding, she had come home to roost!

* * *

The two jet pilots sat on the wings of the B-29 and watched as Lt. Woody Miller described the action with his hands.

"... so I brought her in low at tree-top level, pulled back on the stick and laid the eggs right in their laps!"

... and so ended the saga of **THE TAXI CAB DRIVER**. Of the bomber pilot who wanted to fly the peashooters... and who did! Who did it by wheeling and dealing. And by pushing a "heavy" all over the skyline like it had never been done before! A pilot's a pilot no matter what kind of a ship you put him in... even in a **TAXI CAB!**

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MOST UNDERRATED GUY WITH THE MOST OVERRATED JOB IN THE ARMY! WE'RE NOT GOING TO PULL ANY PUNCHES WITH THIS TALE. BUT HAVE TAKEN THE FACTS FROM THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A COMBAT VETERAN OF THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD...WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU THROUGH A TYPICAL DAY AT THE BEACHHEAD... TYPICAL IN THE LIFE OF A...

PLATOON SERGEANT



WAKE UP SARGE... DAWN HAS COME TO ANZIO!

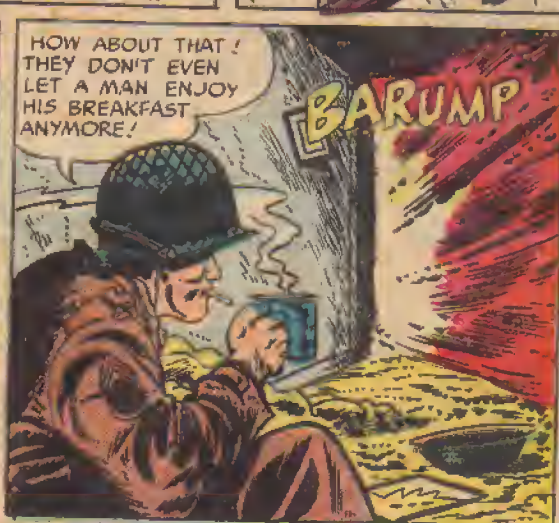
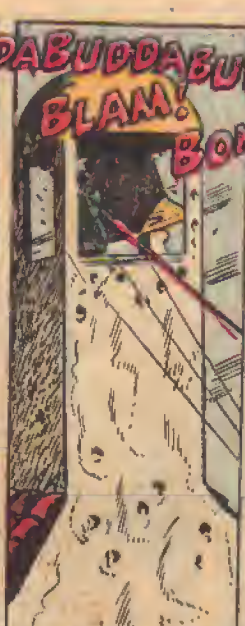
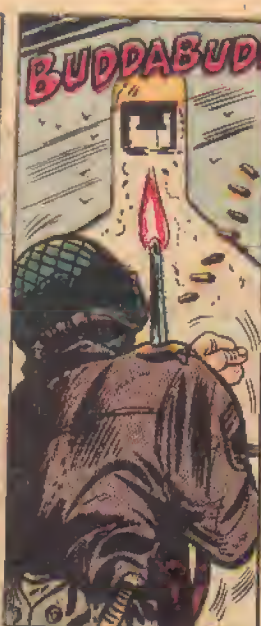


IN A FEW MINUTES THE BARRAGE WAS OVER. THE MORTAR MAN HAD PROBABLY STOPPED FOR COFFEE. GOOD IDEA, YOU CAN USE SOMETHING HOT IN YOUR GUT... YOU'VE GOT A LONG DAY AHEAD OF YOU!



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE UP EARLY THIS MORNING, DOESN'T IT?





THE BARRAGE LIFTS AS
SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN AND
THE SERGEANT AND THE PRIVATE
ARE LEFT ALONE...

GEE, SARGE,
I SURE COULD
USE SOME
DRY SOCKS...
I'VE BEEN
WEARING THIS
PAIR SO LONG
THAT I CAN
PEEL 'EM OFF!

WELL, I'LL
TRY AND DIG
SOME UP AS
SOON AS I
GET BACK TO
THE REAR...
MEANTIME
TAKE THESE,
CAN'T HAVE
ANY OF MY
MEN COMING
DOWN WITH
TRENCH FOOT!



SILENCE AND PEACE HAS NO
PLACE AT ANZIO... AN ENEMY
TANK GUNNER SEES TO THAT!

HIT IT, BEVINS!
THEY'RE BACK
IN BUSINESS!

THOSE ARE
AIR-BURSTS!
IF THEY CAN'T
GET US ONE
WAY THEY'LL
USE ANOTHER!



TINY PIECES OF HOT
SHRAPNEL RAIN DOWN ON
THE TWO OF THEM... BUT
LUCKILY NEITHER OF THEM
ARE HIT...



HE'S MOVED
UP THE
DITCH!

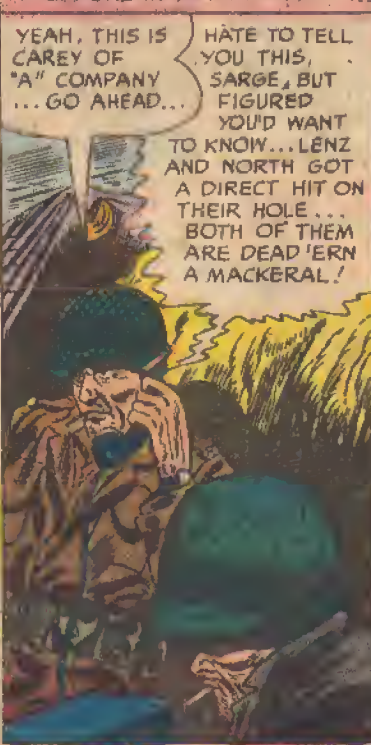
LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE
...IF I KNOW
THEM HE'LL BE
BACK!



BEING A PLATOON SERGEANT
HAS ITS ADVANTAGES... YOU
EVEN GET TO HAVE A FIELD
TELEPHONE IN YOUR FOXHOLE...

YEAH, THIS IS
CAREY OF
"A" COMPANY
...GO AHEAD...

HATE TO TELL
YOU THIS,
SARGE, BUT
FIGURED
YOU'D WANT
TO KNOW... LENZ
AND NORTH GOT
A DIRECT HIT ON
THEIR HOLE...
BOTH OF THEM
ARE DEAD 'ERN
A MACKERAL!



SURE, A PLATOON SERGEANT
HAS ITS ADVANTAGES...



...HE THINKS OF WHAT HE HAS
JUST HEARD AND SWEARS TO
HIMSELF THAT THE KRAUTS
WILL PAY FOR IT... IF HE LIVES
LONG ENOUGH...

EVEN A PLATOON SERGEANT GETS HUNGRY. AS A MATTER OF FACT HE'S ALWAYS HUNGRY...

WELL, IT AIN'T THE WALDORF... BUT I CALL IT HOME!



BUT LUNCHTIME AT ANZIO DOESN'T MEAN A THING... THE WAR GOES ON!

TOO MUCH ACTIVITY GOING ON AROUND HERE, BETTER SEE HOW THE PLATOON IS DOING!



THEY MUST THINK THE ARMISTICE'S BEEN SIGNED THE WAY THEY'RE CELEBRATING... OR ELSE I'M THE ONLY TARGET ON THE WHOLE BEACHHEAD!



EVENING FALLS BY THE TIME HE FINISHES HIS CHORES WITH THE PLATOON AND OUR SERGEANT DECIDES TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

THAT'S OUR STUFF! C'MON YOU GUYS, GIVE IT TO 'EM!



THIS IS IT... HERE'S THE ONE WITH YOUR NUMBER!



FLASHES OF LIGHT BLIND HIM; CONCUSSION DEAFENS HIM... BUT IT IS THE PLATOON HE THINKS ABOUT... WORRIES ABOUT!

GOTTA GET THEM OUTA HERE... PLACE IS ZEROED IN... CAN'T STAY HERE...



KEEP DOWN AND SPREAD-
OUT! THEY MIGHT BE
BUSTIN' THROUGH THIS
SPOT TONIGHT! WE
GOTTA BE READY!



TWO MEN TO A HOLE... THEN YOU
CAN RELIEVE EACH OTHER! BUT
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA STAY AWAKE
AT ALL TIMES!



EVEN THE ELEMENTS HATE THE
DOGGIES... BUT THEY GET
USED TO IT... THEY'VE GOT NO
CHOICE...



WHERE
YA GOIN',
SARGE...
I LIKE
COMPANY



MAC FORGOT
HIS RAINCOAT.
I'M TAKING HIM
THIS SPARE ONE.
I'LL RELIEVE HIM
SO HE CAN COME
BACK HERE TO
WARM UP FOR
A WHILE!

HEY, THEY'RE
USIN' FLARES
... MEANS
THEY AREN'T
SENDIN' ANY
PATROLS
OUT TONIGHT!

DON'T BE TOO
SURE ABOUT
IT... MIGHT
BE A BLIND!
SEND WORD
DOWN THE
LINE FOR
THE BOYS
TO BE ON THE ALERT
FOR ANYTHIN'
THAT MOVES!



HERE WE GO
AGAIN... DIG
IN!

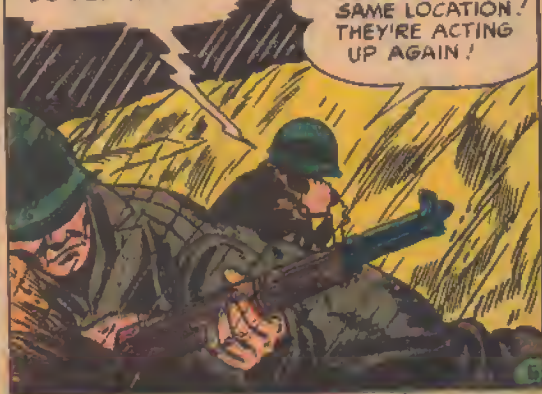
BAWUMP



HELPLESS AGAINST THE ADVANCING MORTAR
FIRE, HE CALLS FOR AID!

... YEAH, THIS IS BAKER
THREE... WHAT CAN WE
DO FOR YA?

GIVE ME A
BURST ON THAT
MORTAR I TOLD
YOU ABOUT...
SAME LOCATION!
THEY'RE ACTING
UP AGAIN!



THE CALL OVER, HE TRIES TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK TOWARD HIS MEN...

...NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM GETTIN' BACK TO THE PLATOON! TAKE MORE THAN A FEW 88S TO DO THAT!

BAH-BOOM!

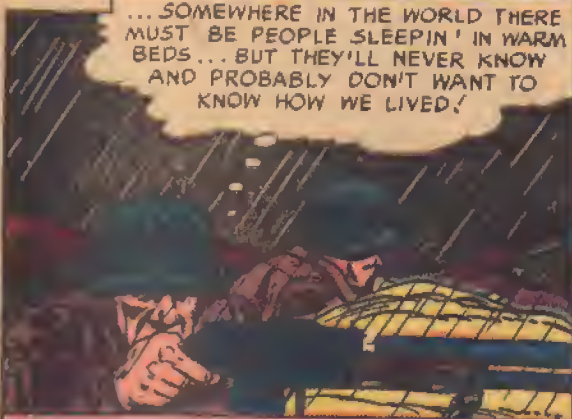


PERFECT NIGHT FOR AN ENEMY PATROL TO DO A LITTLE PENETRATIN'... MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A FEW PRISONERS... OR JUST DO A LITTLE BUTCHERIN'... BETTER WARN THE BOYS!



... THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO PREPARE FOR AN ENEMY PATROL... GET READY... AND THEN, WAIT...

... SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD THERE MUST BE PEOPLE SLEEPIN' IN WARM BEDS... BUT THEY'LL NEVER KNOW AND PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO KNOW HOW WE LIVED!



WHAT A SAD THOUGHT! BUT AT THE MOMENT THE PLATOON SERGEANT IS A SAD MAN... ALSO A PHILOSOPHER.

THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GONNA WORK OVER THAT MORTAR... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE STILL IN BUSINESS!

GIVE 'EM TIME... THEY PROBABLY DON'T WANNA GO OUT IN THE RAIN!



HEY, THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER! IF THEY USE A CREEPIN' BARRAGE, THEY'LL BE DUMPING 'EM IN OUR LAPS PRETTY SOON!

STAY HERE ... I'M GOING BACK TO THAT PHONE! THEY'LL BLAST THAT MORTAR IF I HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!

WHATSA MATTER WITH YOU GOLDBRICKS BACK THERE! YOU PROMISED TO PUT ARTILLERY FIRE ON THAT MORTAR AND HE JUST DUMPED A SHELL IN OUR LAPS!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, SARGE... WE WERE JUST GETTIN' SOME RELIEF FOR YOUR PLATOON... WE'LL SEND 'EM UP AS SOON AS WE ROUND 'EM UP!

OKAY, JUST BE SURE YOU GET 'EM UP HERE IN TIME... IT'S ALMOST TWELVE NOW, AND MY BOYS HAVE BEEN UP HERE ALL NIGHT!

BROOM!



SATISFIED THAT RELIEF IS ON THE WAY, HE RETURNS TO HIS PLATOON TO SWEAT THEM OUT...

WHEN THEY GONNA GET HERE, SARGE... WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' OVER A HALF HOUR!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM TEN MORE MINUTES, THEN WE'RE GOIN' BACK... CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU 'GUYS COMIN' DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA!



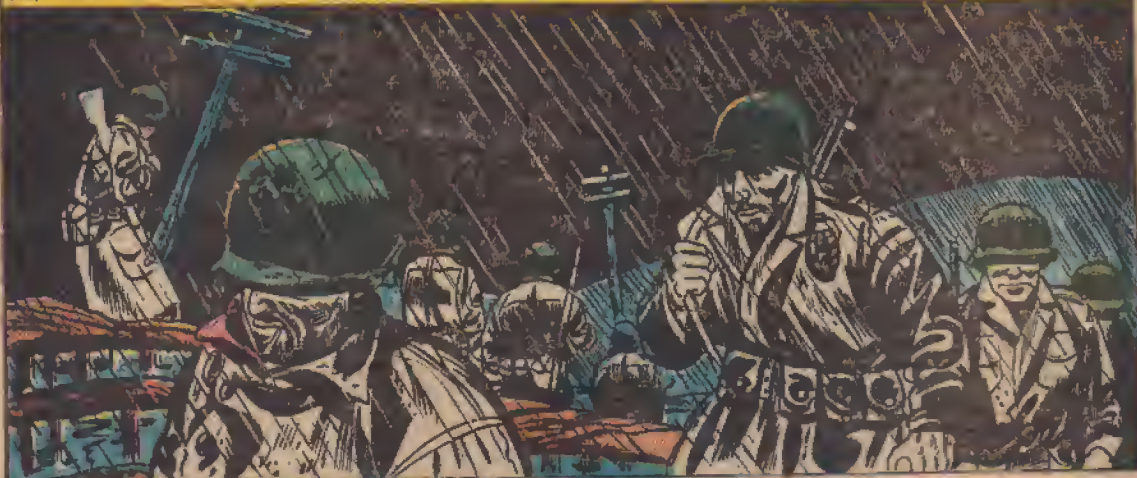
AND STILL THE WAR GOES ON...

THAT KRAUT'S FIRIN' JUST FOR LUCK! AND I GOT A HUNCH MINE'S RUNNIN' OUT!

ME TOO! PASS THE WORD DOWN THE LINE THAT WE'RE PULLIN' OUT!



THEY CLUMP OUT OF THE COLD AND WET AND MEET THEIR RELIEF ON THE WAY BACK... NEITHER GROUP SPEAKS TO THE OTHER, THIS IS NO TIME FOR VISITING...



BACK INSIDE THE OUTPOST THEY SIT BY THE STOVE TRYING TO ABSORB A LITTLE WARMTH. THEIR FACES ARE AS ONE AND THEIR MINDS ARE BLANK. AND THEN THE WEARINESS BEGINS TO LIFT FROM THEIR SHOULDERS.

FINALLY THE EXHAUSTION HITS THEM AND THEY SLEEP THE SLEEP OF DEAD MEN. ALL EXCEPT THE PLATOON SERGEANT... HE WAITS UNTIL THE LAST OF THEM HAS SUCCUMBED...

... AND THEN HE TRIES TO SLEEP... BUT HE CAN'T FOR HE KNOWS THAT TOMORROW MUST COME AND WITH TOMORROW COMES ANOTHER DAY... AND THAT'S THE ONLY THING HE IS SURE OF.



THE END